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VOL. I.

REVIEW.

ART. 1.—The United States of America compared with some European countries, particularly England: in a discourse delivered in Trinity Church, and in St. Paul's, and St. John's Chapels, in the City of New-York, October, 1825.—By JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D. Rector of the said Church and Chapels, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New-York, and Professor of Pastoral Theology and Pulpit Eloquence in the General Theological Seminary.—New-York, T. & J. Swords, 1825.—8vo. pp. 48.

It has often fallen to our lot to observe the increased attachment, which our most enlightened countrymen cherish or their native soil, manners, and institutions, after a visit to the most favoured countries of the transatlantic world. Notwithstanding their admiration of the sublimity and beauty with which Nature and Art have together conspired, in the long course of centuries, to impress the features of those ancient and wealthy empires and kingdoms, they have never failed, after the first glow of surprize and novelty had abated, to draw comparisons in favour of their own native land, and to regard their return to it, as a desirable and happy event. The superior advantages for residence of certain portions of Europe in particular points cannot be denied, but it may be safely asserted that not one of them combines so many excellencies together, or possesses so large a share of that greatest of all blessings, political and religious freedom, as the United States of America. This truth was for a long time stoutly denied by foreign writers, but the evidences of it have become so glaring and irresistible, and the policy of admitting it so general, that with the exception of the pensioned journalists and corrupt hirelings, who still affect to maintain the superior advantages of aristocratic supremacy and of the legitimate subjection of the many to the few, no political writer in any part of the civilized world pretends to dispute it. It is rather the fashion to asseverate it with the utmost positiveness, and to refer to it as one of the standing topics of the day. The conception which foreigners have of our institutions is, however, still very imperfect, and we ourselves are not altogether as well acquainted with the subject as its importance and excellence demand. It is only after an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and an enlarged intercourse with foreign nations, and a judicious comparison of the condition of society in its several relations, as it exists among them, with our own, that we become fully prepared to enter into a philosophical investigation of the merits of our system of government as distinguished from all others. The results of such investigation

are always interesting and instructive, and that they are so frequently withheld from the public is a matter of serious regret, because their publication is calculated to confer essential service to the great cause of the rights of man.

Impressed with these views, we cannot regard the discourse, the title of which is prefixed to the present article, without emotions of peculiar pride and satisfaction. Induced by the precarious state of his health, to traverse the Atlantic ocean and visit Europe, Bishop Hobart has availed himself of the opportunity thus offered him, to institute a comparison between the advantages afforded by the political institutions of England and those of this country, and the result he has thought it his duty to promulgate. That it should be favorable to the latter was to have been expected; but it will also appear, from a perusal of the author's remarks, that his decision has neither been hasty, nor blind. It is the more valuable likewise, because he has not confined his examination to the political state of the mother country, but extended it to her religious establishment, to which it might have been supposed the author was somewhat partial. Here, too, the same conclusion is drawn in favour of our system, and the distinctive superiority of the latter is sketched with a bold and masterly hand. For evidence of this we must refer to the succeeding extracts and to the discourse itself. Its style is spirited, occasionally elevated and eloquent, and altogether a very respectable specimen of the author's abilities. One or two blemishes we should not pass over. In the commencement of the discourse the parenthesis occurs several times, and with a very unhappy effect, (see pages 6 and 7.) This was in frequent use among the older writers, but it is always harsh, and has become pretty much obsolete. In page 11 we meet with the following expression: "No landscape here is *alloyed* by the painful consideration, &c." We cannot well conceive how a landscape can be alloyed; the author evidently meant to say, that the pleasure derived from the prospect of a landscape is not alloyed.

With these preliminary remarks we shall satisfy ourselves, relying for an exposition of their accuracy to the extracts which succeed:

"We have heard of the *fertile soil* which, in other lands, makes so abundant a return to the light and easy labour that tills it. Our feelings have glowed with delight, or thrilled with awe, at the descriptions which have vividly presented to our imaginations the beautiful or the sublime scenery for which other countries have been so long celebrated. We have perhaps sighed for those distant climes,

whose skies are represented as glowing with serene and almost perpetual radiance, and whose breezes bear health and cheeriness to the decaying and languid frame. And undoubtedly in these respects, it would be absurd to urge a superiority over some other lands, or altogether an equality with them. But the comparison was less adverse to our own claims than I had supposed. We boast not indeed of Alps rising on Alps with wild and snow-crowned summits, sheltering within their precipitous and lofty ridges, vallies that beam with the liveliest verdure and bear the richest productions of the earth. Yet the warmest admirer of nature, after having feasted on these tremendously sublime or exquisitely beautiful scenes, would still be able to turn with refreshing pleasure to the contemplation of the varied and bold outlines, that mark the extensive mountains which range through our own country; of the highly cultivated fields that occupy their vallies and variegate the massy forests which mount up their sides; of the long and majestic rivers that proudly traverse the plains, or burst through the lofty hills which oppose them; and even of that sky, if not always as genial, often as serene and glowing as that of the most favoured of the southern regions of Europe, and which illumines the fertile soil that it nourishes and enriches. The traveller here, indeed, is not surprised and elevated and delighted by the stupendous castles which guard the mountain pass, or proclaim in their more interesting ruins, that they were the place of refuge or the point of assault. He sees not the large and imposing edifices which, embosomed in the groves of some rich valley, or pointing some lofty hill, proclaim the taste as well as the piety of the ecclesiastics, who here daily and almost hourly raise the responsive strains of devotion. Nor is he astonished at the splendour that beams from the immense structures which wealth has erected for the gratification of private luxury or pride. But he can see one feature of every landscape *here*, one charm of American scenery, which more than repays for the absence of these monuments of the power, and the grandeur, and the wealth, and the taste of the rich and the mighty of other lands—and which no other land affords. The sloping sides and summits of our hills, and the extensive plains that stretch before our view, are studded with the substantial and neat and commodious dwellings of *freemen*—independent freemen, owners of the soil—men who can proudly walk over their land and exultingly say—It is mine; I hold it tributary to no one; it is mine. No landscape here is alloyed by the painful consideration,

that the castle which towers in grandeur, was erected by the hard labour of degraded vassals; or that the magnificent structure which rises in the spreading and embellished domain, presents a painful contrast to the meaner habitations, and sometimes the miserable hovels that mark a dependent, always a dependent—alas, sometimes a wretched peasantry.

To one country, in some particulars, this infant nation, and older nations, must indeed yield a proud and inaccessible pre-eminence—in those arts of which it is well said that they embellish life; which present, with all the vivid charms of painting, and all the energy and grace and expression of sculpture, the human face and the human form divine, or embody those events that interest every feeling of the soul, which history has recorded or which imagination forms—in those classical recollections that bring before our delighted feelings the brightest names of genius, of eloquence, and of taste; and associate, with all that is great, and, alas! also all that is mean, with the ardent struggles and triumphs of freedom, and the cruel and bloody deeds of remorseless tyranny, the eventful progress, celebrated in strains that form, and will form, the model of all which is noble in sentiment, and graceful in diction—of a small band of exiles, confined to a narrow spot of soil, to that station from which they looked down on a prostrate and subject world.

But even in that station, in the very seat from which once issued the mandates that ruled the nations, amidst the awe-inspiring and soul-delighting ruins of imperial Rome, the citizen of these States may stand, and say with the mingled feelings of commiseration and exultation—How are the mighty fallen! I would not exchange the freedom, the independence, the substantial comfort and happiness that distinguish the infant country that owns and protects me, for all that recollection can supply of what is great and glorious in genius or in achievements, or all that art can furnish delightful to the eye or grateful to the feelings, which, alas! now only serve to mark with greater humiliation, the fall, and abject condition of oppressed, enslaved, and degraded Italy.

But it is in our *civil* and *religious* institutions that we may, without the imputation of vain-glory, boast the pre-eminence. Actual observation will compel every traveller through those nations of the continent that now succumb under the yoke of despotic power, mild and benevolent as in some instances is confessedly its administration, to feel, however reluctant, the full force of the remark, which he may have thought evil discontentment alone had raised, that the labour and independence and freedom and happiness of the many are sacrificed to the ambition and power and luxury of the few.

Let us never withhold the acknowledgment, that from the *first* of European nations, drawing our origin, we have also derived her admirable principles of civil

freedom. Rejecting, indeed, the feudal characteristics of her polity, the monarchical and aristocratic features of her constitution, we broadly and fearlessly recognize the great truth, that though, in its general powers, and in its sanctions, government is "ordained of God," in the particular form of its administration, "it is the ordinance of man;" and that, in this sense, the *people* only are the source of that political power, which, when exercised according to the legitimate forms of the constitution which they have established, cannot be resisted, but under the penalty of resisting the "ordinance of God." Still, though, in these respects, our governments differ from that of England, let us gratefully remember, that from her we have derived not only many of her unrivalled maxims of jurisprudence, those which protect the freedom of the subject and secure the trial by jury, but those great principles which constitute the superiority of the modern republics above the ancient democracies. These are, the *principle* of representation; the division of the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments; the check on the exercise of the power of legislation by its distribution among three branches; the independence of the judiciary on all influence, except that of the constitution and the laws; and its accountability, and that of the executive, to the people, in the persons of their representatives; and thus what constitutes the characteristic blessing of a free people, a government of laws securing to all the enjoyment of life, of liberty, and of property.

But even in this, next to our own, the freest of nations, it is impossible not to form a melancholy contrast between the power and the splendour and the wealth of those to whom the structure of society and the aristocratic nature of the government assign peculiar privileges of rank and of political consequence, with the dependent and often abject condition of the lower orders; and not to draw the conclusion, that the one is the unavoidable result of the other.

Advantages confessedly there may be in privileged orders, as constituting an hereditary and permanent source of political knowledge and talent, and of refinement and elevation of character, of feeling, and of manners. And in this view, no men can be more imposing or more interesting than the high-minded noblemen and gentlemen of England. But, in this imperfect world, we cannot enjoy at the same time all possible advantages. And those which result from the hereditary elevation of one small class of society, must produce in all the noble qualities which distinguish independent freemen, a corresponding depression of the great mass of the community. And can we for a moment hesitate which state of society to prefer? No. It is the glorious characteristic of our admirable polity, that the power, and the property, and the happiness, which in the old nations of the world are

confined to the few, are distributed among the many; that the liveliness and content which pervade the humblest classes among us, are not the mere result of that buoyancy of animal spirits which nature seems to have kindly infused into our frame, and which man shares with the beast that sports in the field or courses over the plain—but a sober sentiment of independence, nurtured by the consciousness that, in natural rights and original political power all are equal. The obedience, therefore, which fear in a great measure extorts from the mass of the people of other countries, is here the voluntary offering of a contented and happy, because, in the broadest sense of the term—a free people."

ART. II.—THEODORE, OF THE PERUVIANS. Translated from the French of PIGAULT LE BRUN. London printed. Reprinted for and published by George Champey. New-York. 1825. 18mo. pp. 162.

We have already had occasion to offer a few remarks on the peculiar felicity with which the French compose their novels and *contes*, the simplicity and *naïveté* of their method of relating events, and the general moral tendency of the sentiments with which they generally intersperse their narratives. The tale now before us is an interesting evidence of the truth of these observations, and of the peculiar talents for this species of writing, of Mr. P. Le Brun. Theodore is a young Frenchman, ambitious of acquiring renown in the naval service of his country. He goes to sea, is taken by the Spaniards in the Pacific, and put ashore at Lima, a prisoner. Anxious to escape and reach Carthage, which was the intended scene of operations, he determines on crossing the continent to the isthmus of Darien. Traversing the lofty Cordilleras, he had reached Quito in safety, when he was surprised by a body of troops near the mines. Suspected of avaricious designs, he is closely pursued, but escapes almost miraculously by clambering a steep mountain. He reaches a level plain, and promises to himself security, when he descries the troops ascending by a distant and prolonged, but easy route. Again he flies, and fortunately meets with a cave, which he enters, and the further extremity of which opens on a fertile and beautiful country. This was Cayambur. To it a body of Peruvians flying from the relentless fury of Pizarro, had resorted, and in it they had found security and repose. Their hatred to Europeans, however, was a part of their religion, and threatened the life of Theodore. He was saved by the love of a beautiful Priestess, with whom he was about escaping through the cavern, when the Spaniards discovering him, pursued him with savage fury. He returns to the Cayamburians and offers himself to be their defender against their foes. They accept his offer, and under his guidance conquer and put to death the ruthless enemies of their soil and race. Theodore is admitted to the rank of citizen,

and united to the lovely Azili. This is an outline of the story. The author's manner will be best appreciated by one or two extracts.

Theodore has just reached Cayambur, and flies to a grove for security.

"Whilst he stood gazing with admiration, a new object suddenly attracted his attention, and banished from his thoughts the temple, his danger, himself, the universe. A priestess, in the act of adoration, was kneeling before the altar. Her dress, which consisted of a long robe white as snow, displayed the graces of her person. a veil of the same colour floated upon her shoulders; and, gently agitated by the air, played in undulating folds upon the cushion. The dazzling whiteness of the robe and veil, were relieved by borders of gold and silver ingeniously mixed; and a chaplet of natural flowers united the simplicity of nature to the most exquisite refinements of art.

"The elegant figure of the priestess announced her to be young, and prepared him to expect the most attractive beauty. Youth generally possesses sensibility and delight in the slightest opportunities of benevolence. Theodore approached with tremulous apprehension. Without relying upon the graces of his person, he could not suppress the idea of their impression; and he trusted that the vows, which probably had forbidden her to love, had not proscribed the exercise of compassion. Azili, hearing a step, turned; and raising her veil, discovered a face, whose bloom might vie with the roses of Aurora. The European habit at first inspired her with fear, but Theodore had assumed the attitude of a suppliant; neither his looks nor his posture indicated hostile intentions. Recovering herself, she smiled upon him with the unsuspecting simplicity of innocence. Theodore, enchanted, was incapable of uttering a word; his soul beamed in his eyes; his blood rushed in rapid streams to his heart; and love, for the first time, took possession of his bosom. The priestess, on her part, unconscious of danger, and fearing no reproach, yielded to the emotions that agitated her breast. These interesting beings stopped within a few paces, and regarded each other with fixed attention. Azili, least affected, first broke silence; "Fair stranger," said she, "what would you?" Her voice, soft, flexible, and harmonious, completed the enchantment; and the transported Theodore knew not what to answer. The ingenuous priestess repeated her question. She spoke in the Peruvian language, which was familiar to Theodore, who had seen Peruvian slaves at Lima, and had frequently conversed with Corambe. This language, abounding in vowels, is of easy pronunciation. People, whose employment is husbandry, make use of but few words; and Theodore had learned enough to be able to express himself with tolerable ease. He began the recital of his misfortunes; and his voice made the same impression upon Azili that her's had made on him. She listened with the most lively

interest; sighed when he recounted his dangers, and smiled at the renewal of his hope. Hope, rash maid! soon will it be a stranger to your bosom.

She knew not what to do for Theodore, but was willing to undertake every thing. She had every reason to detest Europeans; but certainly those who massacred her ancestors could not resemble this interesting youth. It was a law that no profane person should enter the temple; but the stranger was ignorant of their customs; he was wretched; and the God whom she worshipped would permit her to protect him. The Peruvians had attempted his life; and it was her duty to prevent their committing such a crime. But where could she conceal him? She might not pass the precincts of the temple; and was she sure that her companions and the priestesses would be as compassionate as herself? Were they to give him up, his blood would be shed as an atonement for the blood shed by the Spaniards. Shuddering with horror at the thought, she took Theodore by the hand; and, conducting him into the midst of the cemetery, "This," said she, "is the tomb of the great Capana, who was a father to us all, and the founder of this happy colony. If he had met with you, he would have acted as I have done; for he was always the support of the wretched and the good. May his tomb serve for the present as your asylum; and for the future, may my God inspire me!" Then, opening the door of the monument, Theodore, penetrated with gratitude, and already intoxicated with love, entered it, imprecating blessings on her; whilst the young priestess, carefully closing it after her, returned to the altar.

There it was, that, alone, she examined her conscience, and interrogated herself severely. A man had presented himself before her; she had allowed herself to look at him—a man proscribed by the laws of her country, to whom and to all Europeans she had sworn an eternal hatred. She could not but acknowledge she had violated her vows, and yet experienced no remorse. What ought she to do? Should she continue to see Theodore, to speak to him, and to relieve his wants? Her delicacy was alarmed; her religious scruples were awakened. But then to betray a young man, who had confided to her his life. Betray him! it would be ungenerous, perfidious, a cruelty unheard of. But her vows—her vows! She then prostrated herself before the image of her God; beseeching him to enlighten her inexperience, and to guide her youth. Again she examined her heart, and found there nothing but the serenity that accompanies a virtuous action. "The will of heaven is manifest," said she; "I shall endanger my own safety, no doubt, but the wretched man shall live."

At the decline of day, one of her companions came to relieve her, and to watch the sacred fire. Azili returned to the interior of the building, which was inhabited by the priestesses. Recollecting that

Theodore must experience hunger, when the provisions were distributed, she reserved her share for him; and favoured by the darkness, went out without being perceived. Pursuing with trembling the windings of the sacred grove, she soon reached the tomb of Capana. Gently opening the door, and leaning forward, she called in a low voice to Theodore, who instantly ascending the steps received at her hands a vessel of milk and a cake of maize, a relief which she imagined his distress alone had extorted.

The door of the tomb being again closed, Azili returned to her apartment, till now the abode of peace; but from which her regard for Theodore had banished peace for ever. Sleep, invoked in vain, withheld its balmy influence; the image of Theodore incessantly presented itself to her mind; whilst he, at the bottom of the tomb, could see, think, or dream, of any thing but Azili.

The fate of the Spaniards and Theodore will close this notice:

Arrived at the mouth of the cavern, the Spaniards were struck with the beauty of the country, and emboldened by the solitude that reigned around. The sight of the gold, with which the soil abounded, exhilarated their spirits, and every one imagined himself a Pizarro. Accordingly they formed close order; and, with their arms presented and their fingers on the trigger, marched towards the nearest habitations. Theodore, rightly conceiving that the ardour of the Peruvians would soon abate if they were long exposed to the Spanish fire, concealed them behind a building, where he kept up their courage by his animated exhortations; and waited for the enemy till they were near enough to be prevented, by his furious onset, from re-loading their muskets.

The Spaniards, astonished that no one appeared, began to think in their turn they had been discovered; and dreaded lest this profound silence should be the prelude to a surprise. They held therefore a council of war, and determined, if it were yet possible, to retreat, and manage with prudence the discovery they had made. Their design, which would have disconcerted his plan, was instantly penetrated by Theodore; who advanced with his men, and furiously attacked them in the midst of their deliberations. Quickly resuming their former order, they fired on the Peruvians; but the movement was executed with so much precipitation, that few of their balls took effect. Theodore, the sabre in his hand, darted forward, and closely followed by his men, engaged them hand to hand. The bayonet made dreadful havoc. Some of the Spaniards had fallen, but the rest defended themselves with great spirit. The torrents of blood terrified the Peruvians, who disbanded and let fly their arrows without effect. In vain did Theodore attempt to rally them, till, despairing of success, and wishing to terminate such a series of misfortunes, he threw himself, headlong, into the midst of them and

would have been instantly destroyed, had not Villuma at that moment advanced and attacked them with impetuosity.— Their enemies, affrighted, knew not where to turn, whilst the routed Peruvians came back to the charge with redoubled fury; till, surrounded on every side, and overpowered by numbers, they all perished as the followers of Cortez and Pizarro justly deserved.

Such an advantage over Europeans, hitherto deemed invincible, raised this people in their own estimation, and they considered themselves as the avengers of their ancestors. They revered Theodore, who had directed their first exploits, as a second Las Casas, as a deity come from heaven for the salvation of Cayambur.— Placed in a palanquin covered with cloth of gold, he was borne upon the shoulders of the priests, whilst the people followed, loading him with benedictions. Azili and the priestesses advanced from the temple, scattering flowers and burning perfumes, to salute the conqueror of the Spaniards. Proud of his exploits, she walked by the side of the palanquin, and Theodore, regarding her with tenderness, seemed to say, "it is for you I have conquered," and the expressive eye of Azili answered, "I shall be your reward."— The hero was carried into the sanctuary, and placed by the side of the statue of Las Casas: the name of Theodore became consecrated with that of the virtuous apostle of India.

Honours so extraordinary, naturally give rise to reflections on their former conduct. They recollected the warmth with which Villuma had persecuted the man to whom they were indebted for every thing. Restless spirits complained loudly of the high-priest. Some attributed to premeditated cruelty, measures which prudence alone had suggested; others accused him of wishing to destroy a hero, whose brilliant qualities must obscure his own, and who must alarm his ambition; whilst the majority reproached him for having seduced the Peruvians to pronounce a sentence disgraceful to their national character. Having once transgressed the bounds of subordination, they quickly passed to the extreme of rebellion, and began to talk of proscribing Villuma in his turn; whilst the more moderate party wished only to separate the dignity of king from the priesthood, and to confer the former on Theodore. Villuma, informed of what was plotting against him, hoped by his presence to allay their discontent; and, appearing in the midst of the factious party, addressed them with that calm dignity which never forsook him. The most violent answered him with imprecations, struck him, and stripped him of his crown and other ensigns of royalty.

The presence of his beloved Azili effaced from Theodore's mind the recollection of his laurels; but, learning that Villuma was menaced, he hastened to present himself to the people. The crowd opened at his approach; and, entering

the circle, he beheld the high-priest disgraced, but not deprived of his native dignity. A Peruvian, as he attempted to draw near, on his bended knee offered him the crown. "Youthful hero," exclaimed he, "deign to accept the homage of a whole people; may their gratitude efface the recollection of their injustice!"

Conceiving it impossible for him to refuse a throne, together with the opportunity of avenging himself on a once-powerful enemy, Villuma felt the extent of his misfortune, and boldly addressed his successful rival. "Think not," said he, "I shall demean myself to solicit your pardon; nor fear my attempts to recover the affections of a people, who merit only my indignation and most profound contempt. My fate is in your hands: let me see how you will use your power."—"I will learn of you," replied Theodore, taking the crown, and placing it on the head of Villuma; "you loved your people; for their safety you sacrificed a man whose appearance was suspicious; your wisdom and valour entitle you to reign, and demand my homage and respect." The Peruvians rent the air with acclamations, "People," replied the youth, "behold your priest and your king: far from depriving him of his authority, my ambition is only to maintain it. What do I say? you would not constrain me to take up arms against my friend, and dishonour myself by an unjust usurpation? Repair, then, the error of a moment, and deserve the pardon which your king will not refuse to my entreaties." A profound silence ensued; and the modest refusal of Theodore charmed while it reproved them. Confused and humbled, they silently dispersed, and nothing remained but the recollection of a tempest which had threatened their total destruction.

Necessities unite men of the most opposite sentiments. Villuma embraced Theodore, and, pressing him to his bosom, exclaimed, "Conduct such as this obliges without degrading me. I feel no difficulty in being indebted to you for every thing. Yes! you shall be my friend, my counsellor, and my support; you shall assist me in bearing the burthen of the state."

As the long absence of the Spaniards must necessarily awaken the suspicions of their comrades at the fort, the Peruvians could not consider their danger as ended. Should they block up only the interior mouth of the cavern, no doubt their enemies would find means to force it open; therefore, Theodore determined so to conceal the outward aperture, as to prevent it henceforth from ever being discovered. Masses of rock, covered with moss, were pushed on the outside, and the interstices filled up with earth, to which the sun would soon give an appearance of age, and the whole so closely united to the body of the mountain, that the report of the soldiers must appear to the commander to have been a mere fiction.

It now only remained to determine the fate of Azili; no longer desirous of her life, their only wish was to make her happy. Theodore, conscious that Villuma loved her, and relying upon his influence over the people, demanded her hand as the reward of his services.— "Your God," says he, "desires the sacrifice of willing hearts; hers is no longer free, and his altars reject her. Restore her to her mother and to me; you will then have discharged your obligation, and I will remain amongst you. Your customs and your manners shall be mine; they are those of Azili, and therefore I respect them."

The Peruvians knew not whether to accept or reject this proposition, it being a direct attack upon their religion; but Villuma reconciled all. He proposed that for the future no one should be dedicated to the altar, but those who were of an age to understand their obligations; and that they, who had been deceived by a premature zeal, might then return to the bosom of society. This law was unanimously adopted. Theodore and Azili vowed eternal constancy; and they kept the faith they had plighted.

ON THE DEATH OF MACDONOUGH.

The warrior lies low—cold and nerveless is the arm that waved the battle brand—closed are the eyes that beamed in triumph—brave was thy soul, when the storm of battle raged—calm wert thou, when it howled fiercest around thee; when the shafts of death swept numbers from thy side.

Thou didst not fall in battle—the footman's sword did not lay thee low—thy dying groans were not cheered by the shouts of thy victorious hosts—thru' the battle thou didst pursue thy terrible path unarmed—thy country hailed thee, as one of the bravest of her sons, and hoped that thou wouldst again brighten her prospects, if the gloomy night of war gathered around her—but the hand of lingering disease was laid upon thee, and thou art gone—the hollow breeze sighs thro' those trees, that must soon o'ershadow thy urn; the dews of Heaven fall upon that sod, which will soon press upon thy lifeless breast.

Gentle and kind wert thou—mild beamed thine eye in peace—thou wert mowed down green, O! warrior, but thy country will not soon forget thee—thy funeral dirge is over—hush'd is the death-roll of the drum—hush'd the melancholy roar of cannon—the mournful toll of the muffled bells is heard no more—but thy memory will be cherished, thy worth will be revered, and thy name will be honoured, while the flag of thy country streams over ocean's waves. [N. Y. Am.]

Difference in opinion is no less natural than difference in look: it is at the same time the very salt of conversation. Why then should we be offended at those who think differently from us?

THE FINE ARTS.

For the American Athenæum.

We may observe that as any nation increases in wealth, unless there be found objects of a benign, or at least a harmless nature, whereon to employ the increasing superfluity of means, it will infallibly become the germ of corruption, and the promoter of luxury and licentious enjoyment: if the progress of taste and science does not keep pace with the accumulation of riches, depravity will take its place, and advance in an equal degree; and in the more wealthy circles, either avarice or dissipation will prevail.

It is then alike the duty and interest of a country like ours, where commerce advances with such rapid strides, and new sources of wealth and power are continually opening, to foster those intellectual pursuits which promote harmless amusement or virtuous improvement; when these become objects of attention to the community in general, they exert a strong moral influence upon all classes of society, not only by elevating and expanding the mind, but by withdrawing it from those vicious courses to which it might otherwise be turned.

To those who have at heart the interest of the rising generation and to parents, especially those among the wealthy class of our citizens, the cultivation of the Arts is a subject of the highest importance; and in proof of this we need but refer to facts which may be daily observed among us.

We frequently see the wealth which has been amassed by the persevering industry of a father wasted by the licentious prodigality of a spendthrift son; who from his abundant fortunes having no incentive to industry, and from the neglect of education, little or no taste for science or literature, is naturally led away by the temptations which ever beset the rich, to depravity and ruin.

How often might this be prevented by a judicious course of education and early impression. Had the youthful mind of him who was destined to a life of independence or opulence, been early endued with taste, and an ambition to excel in scientific or literary pursuits, or (if his talents were not sufficient for this) to patronize and encourage the effort of others, he might have been an ornament to that society to which he is now a reproach.

In those countries where aristocracy is established and wealth entailed upon families, we find, as may be naturally expected, less virtue among the nobility than in the common and middling classes—the youth who knows not only that he is born to wealth and rank, but that his wealth cannot be taken from him, requires a mind of uncommon strength to resist the allurements to prodigality and vice. Yet even in this class of society, to the honour of human nature, many virtuous are to be found; and let the fact be particularly observed, that such more than any others of

their own rank, are the patrons and encouragers of science.

We appeal to men of taste, to parents, and to patriots, and call their attention to this subject, the improvement of the fine arts, as a thing closely connected with the good of society and the honour of our country. It is the appeal not of one but of many, and has been oft repeated by those whose taste or profession makes them interested in this subject of consideration, and we trust it will not be made in vain.

In the department of painting, which was the first of the fine arts in which we attempted to rival our mother country, increasing talent and energy are discovered daily. Several new and excellent pieces, which have lately been executed by native artists, have awakened the admiration and, we trust, also, the liberality of the public.

The Academy of Fine Arts is becoming an object of much more attention than formerly, and the increasing interest which is excited in this department, gives reason to hope that a new era in the science of our country is about to commence.

For the present we only design, by these general observations, to draw the attention of our readers to this interesting subject; but we intend hereafter to offer them some more particular and detailed remarks.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

From the close communication which is likely to subsist between our country and the South American Republics, by the important channel of trade which they open to us, the study of the Spanish language is becoming much more common than formerly.

It is a branch of literature which deserves encouragement, not only from its usefulness in a commercial point of view, but also from the majesty and beauty of the language itself, and the many excellencies of Spanish literature which it enables us to enjoy. It combines the properties of sweet melody and sonorous force in a degree almost unequalled. It is more easy to be acquired by a person of English education than any other European language, as the system of its construction is simple, and with few irregularities. In its orthography it has the advantage of not being burthened by silent letters, which greatly facilitates the pupil in learning and retaining the pronunciation of words.

Its full toned melody is admirably adapted to poetry and oratory, and though it contains a few guttural sounds, derived mostly from the Moorish, it is undoubtedly superior to the French in softness, and is immensely superior in force. Had it not been for the bigotry and tyranny which has so long enslaved Spain, it is probable that the literature of this language would have equalled that of France or Italy. The Spanish literature, however, is by no means inconsiderable. The inimitable work of Cervantes, which has been

translated into almost every language in Europe, proclaims the genius of the author, though many of its beauties are lost in translation. There are also to be found in some of the old libraries of Spain many neglected works of great merit, particularly dramas, which have never found their way into other languages. These have mostly been written two or three centuries ago, and though, like Shakspeare's works, they contain much of the extravagance of that age when romance was laden with absurdity, like them they often evince the energy of native and unchastened genius.

SELECTIONS.

NATIONAL GENIUS AND TASTE.

[Concluded.]

"The Germans, though undoubtedly an imaginative and even enthusiastic race, had neglected their native literature for two hundred years—and were chiefly known for their learning and industry. They wrote huge Latin treatises on Law and Theology—and put forth bulky editions, and great tomes of annotations on the classics. At last, however, they got tired of being respected as the learned drudges of Europe, and reproached with their consonants and commentators; and determined, about fifty years ago, to show what metal they were made of, and to give the world a taste of their quality as men of genius and invention. In this attempt, the first thing to be attended to was, at all events, to avoid the imputation of being scholastic imitators of the classics. That would have smelt too much, they thought, of the old shop; and, in order to prove their claims to originality, it was necessary to go a little into the opposite extreme—to venture on something decidedly modern, and to show at once their independence on their old masters, and their superiority to the pedantic rules of antiquity. With this view, some of them betook themselves to the French models—set seriously to study how to be gay—*apprendre a etre vif*—and composed a variety of petites pieces, and novels of polite gallantry, in a style—of which we shall at present say nothing. This manner, however, ran too much counter to the general character of the nation, to be very much followed—and undoubtedly the greater and better part of their writers turned rather to us, for hints and lessons to guide them in their ambitious career. There was a greater affinity in the temper and genius of the two nations—and our great authors were indisputably more original and less classical than those of France. England, however, we are sorry to say, could furnish abundance of bad as well as good models—and even the best were perilous enough for rash imitators. As it happened, however, the worst were most generally selected—and the worst parts of the good, Shakspeare was admired—but more for his flights of fancy, his daring improprieties, his trespasses on the borders of

absurdity, than for the infinite sagacity and rectifying good sense by which he redeemed those extravagancies, and even the profound tenderness and simple pathos which alternated with the lofty soaring or dazzling imagery of his style. Altogether, however, Shakspeare was beyond their rivalry; and though Schiller has dared, and not ingloriously, to emulate his miracles, it was plainly to other merits and other rivalries that the body of his ingenious countrymen aspired. The ostentatious absurdity—the affected oddity—the pert familiarity—the broken style and exaggerated sentiment of Tristram Shandy—the mawkish morality, dawdling details, and interminable agonies of Richardson—the vulgar adventures, and homely, though, at the same time, fantastical speculations of John Bunce, and others of his forgotten class, found far more favour in their eyes. They were original, startling, unclassical and puzzling. They excited curiosity by not being altogether unintelligible—effectually excluded monotony by the rapidity and violence of their transitions, and promised to rouse the most torpid sensibility, by the violence and perseverance with which they thundered at the heart. They were the very things, accordingly, which the German originals were in search of; and they were not slow, therefore, in adopting and improving on them. In order to make them thoroughly their own, they had only to exaggerate their peculiarities—to mix up with them a certain allowance of their old visionary philosophy, misty metaphysics, and superstitious visions—and to introduce a few crazy sententious theorists to sprinkle over the whole a seasoning of rash speculation on morality and the fine arts.

The style was also to be relieved by a variety of odd comparisons and unaccountable similes—borrowed for the most part from low and revolting objects, and, all the better, if they did not exactly fit the subject, or even introduced new perplexity into that which they professed to illustrate.

This goes far, we think, to explain the absurdity, incongruity, and affectation of the works of which we are speaking. But there is yet another distinguishing quality for which we have not accounted—and that is a peculiar kind of vulgarity which pervades all their varieties, and constitutes, perhaps, their most repulsive characteristic. We do not know very well how to describe this unfortunate peculiarity, except by saying that it is the vulgarity of pacific, comfortable, Burghers, occupied with stuffing, cooking, and providing for their coarse personal accommodations. There certainly never were any men of genius who condescended to attend so minutely to the *non-naturals* of their heroes and heroines as the novellists of modern Germany. Their works smell, as it were, of groceries—of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon—and fryings in frowzy back parlours. All

the interesting recollections of childhood turn on remembered tidbits and plunderings of savoury store rooms. In the midst of their most passionate scenes there is always a serious and affectionate notice of the substantial pleasure of eating and drinking. The raptures of a *tete-a-tete* are not complete without a bottle of nice wine and a 'trim collation.' Their very sages deliver their oracles over a glass of punch; and the enchanted lover finds new apologies for his idolatry in taking a survey of his mistress's 'combs, soap, and towels, with the traces of their use.' These baser necessities of our nature, in short, which all other writers who have aimed at raising the imagination or touching the heart have kept studiously out of view, are ostentatiously brought forward, and fondly dwelt on by the pathetic authors of Germany.

We really cannot well account for this extraordinary taste. But we suspect it is owing to the importance that is really attached to those solid comforts and supplies of necessities, by the greater part of the readers and writers of that country. Though there is a great deal of freedom in Germany, it operates less by raising the mass of the people to a potential equality with the nobles, than by securing to them their inferior and plebeian privileges; and consists rather in the immunities of their incorporated tradesmen, which may enable them to become rich as such, than in any general participation of national rights, by which they may aspire to dignity and elegance as well as opulence and comfort. Now, the writers as well as the readers in that country, belong almost entirely to the plebeian and vulgar class. Their learned men are almost all wofully poor and dependent; the comfortable burghers, who buy entertaining books by the thousand at the Frankfort fair, probably agree with their authors in nothing so much as the value they set on those homely comforts to which their ambition is mutually limited by their condition; and enter into no part of them so heartily as those which set forth their paramount and continual importance.

AFFECTION AND RESOLUTION.

The father of the celebrated Thomas a'Becket was an Englishman of London, who followed the fortunes of the Norman crusaders, and was taken prisoner and made a slave by the Saracens. "Unfortunate and despised as he was, he gained what the Norman chiefs, in all their glory, rarely gained in England, the love of a woman of the country. This woman was no other than the daughter of the chief to whom Gilbert was captive. By her assistance, he made his escape, and repassed the sea but his deliverer, unable to live without him, forsook her father's house to go in search of him. She knew but two words intelligible to the inhabitants of the west—*London* and *Gilbert*. By the aid of the former, she embarked for England in a vessel carrying traders and pil-

grims; by that of the latter, running from street to street repeating "Gilbert! Gilbert!" to the astonished crowd that gathered around her, she found the man whom she loved. Gilbert a'Becket, after taking the advice of several bishops on this miraculous incident, had his mistress baptized, changed her Saracen name into Matilda, and married her. The singularity of this marriage made it much talked of, and it became the subject of several popular romances, two of which, still extant, (in Jamieson's popular songs,) contain very affecting details. In the year 1119 Gilbert and Matilda had a son, who was called Thomas Becket, according to the mode of double names introduced into England by the Normans. Such was the romantic origin of a man destined to run an almost romantic career."

This anecdote is from "Thierry's history of the Conquest of England by the Normans"—a valuable and interesting work, just translated into English in a very able manner.

ADVICE TO FEMALES.

Brighter than polished silver, more valuable than Peruvian ore, more precious than the pearl of the sea, than the diamonds in the bowels of the earth, or all the shining treasures of the mines of Potosi, is *reputation* to a woman.

As the time that is past is gone forever, as the word that escapeth thy lips returneth not again; so is the name of a woman when it goeth from her.

Art thou beautiful as the morning, art thou comely as the evening, do strangers speak thy praise, and thy acquaintance pour their encomiums on thee? yet thy way is a narrow path, from which if thou strayest, thou wilt never more find it out, thy praises will be turned into railings, and thy encomiums into keen reproach.

Art thou placed on an eminence among the daughters of women, dost sit at the head of the boards, do crowds of admirers bow down before thee with reverence? yet thou sittest on a slender pinnacle, from which the sudden breath of indiscretion, or the strong blast of envy, may cast thee down; so shall thy fall be that of a falling meteor; thou shalt be despised in the dust, and gazed at on high no more.—Wouldst thou preserve this jewel of high price, let not the boaster, nor the professed betrayer, come near thy house. Encourage not a train of admirers, lest their envy and jealousy of each other cast an odium on thy conduct. As the way of a man on the ridge of a house, so is the fame of a woman among a crowd of fools; but the coquette is light of heart, and danceth along; no wonder, therefore, she falleth. Yet affect not to despise temptation; the prude loseth her good name by the means she taketh to prevent it. Keep the appearance of evil at a distance; for the show of a crime may be as fatal to thy reputation as the reality of the transgression.

WOMAN'S HATE.—CONCLUDED.

"One evening, when the thick-spreading shadows of approaching night favoured the disguise I wore, I ventured a visit to the ruins of what had been my home of love. What was it now? A scene of black desolation! I gazed on the little garden, whose fragrance used to perfume the cottage, but the blossoms were withered, the bloom was fled. I beheld it as the emblem of my own destiny.—Where was the sweetness of the flowers? And where was my spirit's balm? Gone, gone, for ever! The elements of destruction had passed alike over each, and quenched them in their consuming wrath. One plant (and I fancied it a type of thee, dearest child) alone survived, and smiled amidst the darkness that surrounded it—yet some of its leaves were scorched and withered, the parent sap was corroded; and when next I passed that way it was lying lifeless, faded and dead, with its once beautiful associates. Shall it be so with thee, Sebastian? Previously to commencing my retributive operations, in order to disencumber myself of every tie of affection, and divest myself by degrees of every tender sympathy, I resolved to part with thee. I prevailed on Theresa Gomez, a young person who had formerly been a favourite playmate of mine, to take charge of your existence, until such time as I might come again to claim you. I left with her my miniature, and, as the only valuable I possessed, a splendid diamond cross, the last relic that remained of your father. As it was my wish to absent myself from Cadiz for some months, I accepted, through the recommendation of Theresa, a situation as attendant on an invalid lady travelling to Gibraltar. Thither we repaired, and had remained for nearly a year, when myself and Donna Olivia, the name of my mistress, were seized with an infectious fever, that proved rapidly fatal to her, though I escaped with life. After her death, finding, from the legacy that she had left me, I was not under the immediate necessity of farther servitude, I resolved on my return to Cadiz. I kept you in strict concealment, nor even ventured near the spot where my only child lived, from the fear of recognition—though I might have dismissed such apprehensions; for who that looked on me, and beheld the wreck which sorrow, sickness, and the constant brooding over the darkest passions of our nature had made, could believe that I was the same Zidonia whose beauty had once been gazed on as a wonder? My very parents, had they lived, could not have known their offspring. I wandered one day to the castle of Velasco, and there saw him, with his Leona, still in all the pride and bloom of youthful loveliness, in the gardens; they were fondling their infant heir; and the sight of the child, who usurped thy rights in the affections of thy father, was madness to me. It was my wish and aim to obtain establishment in their house, in

any capacity, however servile: this I had some difficulty in effecting, but by perseverance and stratagem at length accomplished. I was admitted, and I trod the same rooms, breathed the same air with Velasco. Little did he imagine that the poor, pale, haggard menial, who flitted occasionally before him, was to be the instrument to hurl him, despite his pride and luxury, to a level with herself in lowliness and desolation of spirit. Some of the more immediate attendants of the Marchioness aroused her curiosity respecting me, by a recital of some of my travelling adventures with which I was wont to entertain them. She ordered me into her presence, to amuse her during the temporary absence of Velasco on a foreign mission. I obeyed her mandate, and stood before her—I conversed with Velasco's wife! Oh! these four letters comprized for me a circle of torment beyond the extent of imagination. On dismissing me from her, she expressed her intention of promoting me to assistant-attendant on herself—to robe her for the feast, the masque, and the dance, and contribute to make her still lovelier in his eyes, whose devotion to her already only added a fresh stimulant to my purpose. On Velasco's return, a brilliant ball was announced to be given at the castle, in honour of the christening of the infant heir. The splendid decorations were completed, and the night at length arrived. I assisted in attiring the Marchioness and her child in the magnificent habiliments selected for the occasion. The sight of their unclouded happiness wrought me to madness, and determined me to the immediate execution of my design. The lady whom I had accompanied to Gibraltar, as I have before stated, died of a contagious fever, and so excessive had been the virulence of the disease, that all her apparel was directed to be destroyed. Among it was a Persian shawl of curious and rare manufacture; this so attracted me by its beauty, that I resolved to preserve it for the sake of making it profitable by selling it—reckless that the purchase of it might prove fatal to the life of the wearer. This shawl I now hastily snatched from its remote concealment; and as the Marchioness, having added the final adornment to her dress, stood admiring her noble figure in the mirror, I respectfully tendered it to her, to throw over her neck, urging my fears, that in her light costume she might take cold from the dampness and chilliness of the evening air. She availed herself of my offer, and passed many encomiums on the warmth and exquisite texture of it—nor cast it aside till the moment arrived for entering the ball-room. I then seized the opportunity of closely wrapping the infant heir in its envenomed folds. I retired to a lone room in the castle, and whilst the revellers were feasting below, I banquetted my soul with the dark food of revenge! Not one compunctions throbbed my breast—it heaved with wild intoxicating joy: the object which so long induced me to bear with the galling load

of a wretched existence, was about to be attained—I should witness Velasco bowed down and humiliated by sorrow, as he had seen me, nor sympathized in my distress. The hours flew by—the guests departed. The castle was silent. All slept save myself; I watched by the kindling flame of vengeance, and fanned its embers with the retrospect of my past wrongs. Suddenly the Marchioness's bell sounded! The peal sent the first note of joyousness to my heart that had vibrated there for months. I awakened her attendant, and made my alarm and curiosity an excuse for accompanying her to the door of her lady's chamber. The cause was soon communicated—the Marchioness and her child were seized with strange and dangerous indisposition. Medical aid was summoned, only to confirm the worst fears of Velasco, and realize my best hopes. They were pronounced to exhibit symptoms of incipient plague! I will not waste my precious moments by detailing the affliction of the household, the sufferings of the sick, and the agony of the husband. Enough, that despite the united efforts of the ablest professional assistance Cadiz afforded, the close of three days beheld the consummation of my scheme—the death of the Marchioness and her child, and the distraction of Velasco. Suspicion had never attached to me. All were in horror and surprise at the suddenness and malignity of the disease. I might have escaped untainted and innocent in the eyes of all, had such been my desire. But this was never my intent; it seemed as though my deed were yet incomplete, if I ratified it not with the seal of my avowal, and acknowledged myself to Velasco the avenger of my own injuries. I paused a few days to let the tempest of his grief subside, that the double pleasure might be mine of awakening the storm again. On the evening before that appointed for the obsequies, when I knew he was in the chamber of the dead, I softly entered the apartment. He was standing absorbed in grief by the side of the coffin, nor perceived till I drew close to him that his affliction had a witness. On observing me he started, and demanded the cause of the intrusion. I replied 'The artificer beholds with satisfaction the work of his ingenuity when it is finished; and I would fain gaze once more on the effort my genius has achieved, ere the dark tomb hides it from my view for ever.' He looked at me inquiringly for a moment, as if to ascertain whether I spoke under the influence of mental aberration, then ordered my instant departure. 'When the errand for which I entered is despatched,' I exclaimed, 'I will depart. Let me remain awhile, I pray, in the room which contains the remains of my beloved mistress.' The tone of sarcasm in which I repeated the last words roused his indignation, and he again peremptorily insisted on my quitting his presence. I still refused, and on telling him that I had an important communication to make to him relative to the death of the Marchioness, obtained

permission to state it immediately. He listened to the details in silent and almost incredulous horror. Having asked me whence I gained my information, and the name of the individual whom I charged with the deadly crime, I answered with a loud and bitter laugh of triumph, 'She, Velasco, who was once as fair and as adored as the woman whom you mourn—she whom you found in innocence, and left in guilt—she whose heart was once incorporated with thine, and who, while one link of the chain of affection existed in thy breast, would have clung to thee in doom, despair and death—she whose love you sought with months of devotion, then spurned and despised her for bestowing it—she who, when you have fared in luxury and profusion, has been almost wild with want, and known not where to satisfy the cravings of hunger of her infant, and thy infant, thy first-born son!—she whom you have divorced from peace here, and hope hereafter; whose feelings you have indurated, whose nature you have changed—she who now stands before you, not as she has stood, in suppliance for your bounty and love, but as the declared, the fatal enemy of thee and thine: who has robbed you, as you deprived her, of her all of earthly bliss! You have forgotten me! My memory is more tenacious. I have blended thy image with every passing moment. Away and distant, I swore daily that I would yet meet thee again—aye! here, in this situation, by the bier of thy wife and child. My oath is fulfilled, and Velasco and Zidonia have met once more in this lower world!'

"Zidonia! You say false—she perished in the flames of her cottage!"

"It was believed so: this brain is fruitful in plotting; look at me attentively, Velasco;"—and I modulated his name, as softly as I had been wont to do. He seized my hand, and, dragging me to the window, wildly searched my features. The scrutiny convinced him. Conscience, as if it at once annihilated every barrier which time and disease had interposed to the knowledge of my identity, gave the dull eye and faded cheek the radiance and bloom of other days. With a deep groan of anguish, he relinquished my hand, exclaiming—

"Just heaven, I am punished! it is she, indeed!" and fell senseless to the ground.

"I tarried awhile ere I called the domestics to the assistance of their master. And now, while gazing on the lifeless form of Velasco, the first burning pang of remorse which I had yet experienced shot through my bosom. I had attained then what I had so ardently desired; two of my victims were before me dead; and the third I had deprived of temporary sense and motion. Yet was I happy? Did the flush of success crimson my cheek with the glow of pleasure? No, no, I was sick and faint with my own triumph. I had rejoiced with real gladness at the dissolution of my rival and her infant; but it harrowed my soul to see the proud, the

noble, my own once-adored Velasco prostrate at my feet, while remembering that it was my efforts that had laid him there. I had fancied that the fount of sympathy, which nature has established in woman's breast, had long since petrified in mine—I was deceived. Woman's last sigh must be breathed ere the tear congeals in her eye, and refuses to dissolve and flow, while looking on the man she has once loved, in misery and pain! Wrongs and insults had been mine; and whilst the author of them revelled in happiness and pomp, I could hate him; but now he was reduced in spirit to a level with myself, and what I had anticipated would be my most glorious moment, proved my most agonizing one. I bent over him, I pillowed his head once more on my bosom, and the gushing tears that trickled from my lids, over his pale inanimate face, were distilled from my heart's inmost core. I took his hand—I kissed it; and the wild thrill of former transport rushed momentarily through my veins. That was the same hand which had so often clasped mine in the fervour of affection—it was cold and powerless now! There was such a mournful luxury in gazing on him, and weeping over him undisturbed, that it was not till half an hour had nearly elapsed, and I found he still betrayed no symptoms of returning consciousness, that my alarm for his life vanquished every other feeling, and I resolved on summoning the aid of the attendants—their efforts revived him, and an ardent ejaculation of thanksgiving burst my lips when I beheld him resuscitated. He heard my voice, and turning on me a dreary look of shuddering terror, exclaimed, 'Take that woman from my view, and confine her—she is a murderess!' The consciousness that he loathed me caused an instant reaction in my sentiments—tenderness and pity fled at the conviction, and hate was predominant again. I think I could have softened and repented had he bestowed a single tone or look of forgiveness, but he was destined to co-operate with fate, to exclude me from Paradise. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for the officers of justice, and having related to them the substance of my confession, I was conveyed to prison. In this cell I have lived six days—to-morrow shall be my last—my trial over, my execution fixed, and my death shall speedily follow. But it shall not be, Sebastian, that with scoffs and gibes, a taunting world shall tell thee thy mother perished as a malefactor! No, this poison shall quench the breath of life, that has too long been shed. I write this, my boy, though scarcely do I know how it is to reach thy hands—for who will do a service for a convict? Yet methinks the kind stranger who has attended me in my sickness will convey the dying record of a mother to her child. I fain would pray for thee, Sebastian, but know not how—and I would bless thee, but little would a blessing avail from lips so polluted as mine—the gaoler comes—farewell, my child—farewell for ever!"

THE TONGUE.

MR. EDITOR.—If the following thoughts on the common observation that the tongue is an unruly member, are deemed worthy of a place in your Journal, they are at your service.

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."—James.

"Unruly.—Turbulent, ungovernable, licentious."—Johnson.

Without entering into the disquisition whether the tongue is in itself an evil, and only designated by the Apostle James by the adjective "*unruly*," as if that is the only evil which cannot be ruled, I shall at once proceed to prove, or at least attempt it, that according to Johnson's definition it is not unruly, that is, ungovernable, not to be governed. That many of the lords as well as ladies of the creation, are in the habit of giving too loose a rein to this member, I shall admit; but I shall not as readily admit that they *cannot* check it when they please, or in other words, when interest holds the curb.—"Why did you cut short your oath?" said a gentleman to a man upon the point of uttering one. "I was afraid the king, who was present, would hear me," was the answer. Did not he rule his tongue? But without quoting anecdotes, I shall appeal to common every-day experience: where is the greatest termagant or bully, who lets loose with all his virulence, and thereby becomes the disturber of domestic peace, who cannot, and does not, bridle his tongue when in the presence of any one whose good opinion he wishes to gain, whose affection he would cultivate, or before whom he stood in awe? Where is the flippant Miss who, having been spoiled by the indulgence of her parents, till her impertinence has become insufferable—who is all pouts and snappishness; but who can assume mildness and condescension in the presence of an admirer, or one she respects? Where is the youth who has been indulged till he can scarce afford a civil answer to a parent, but is all smiles and affability when certain persons are by? Thus one entraps the other. How? By governing the *ungovernable* member—by ruling the *unruly* tongue. But when the object is gained—when the purpose is effected—when the fish is caught, the net is taken off,* the curb is loosened, and away the unruly animal gallops. [Communicated.]

*One of the Popes, I do not recollect which, had originally been a fisherman. He became a Monk, in which character he was remarkable for his zeal and piety. He regularly rose to Cardinal: his table, however sumptuously furnished, without regard to guests, was always covered over the cloth with a net, to remind him of his origin, and thereby keep him humble. This practice he adhered to through all his grades of advancement, until at length he was elected Pope, when the net was discarded. Upon being asked the reason—"The fish is caught, and the net is no longer necessary," was the reply.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ADVENTURES OF A POET.—CHAPT. 4.

Now that the days of heedlessness are past, how puerile seem to me the joys which used to constitute the happiness of my boyhood. When I look back, and reflect that to nothing but a blindness to the ways of man and a sort of seeming incredulity to the tales of his deceits and malice, are my misfortunes to be attributed, I cannot help wondering at my own ignorance, and tremble for the fate of every tender plant which stands exposed to his merciless breath.

How deluding is a beautiful woman when she combines the charm of seeming innocence with a heart incapable of cherishing any but the most inveterate feelings. O! could the coquet, after rioting in the pleasures of her numerous train, but get a glance at the lonely, solitary chamber of him who adores her, who trembling lest every breath should bring him news of despair, sits gloomily watching the last flickering of his lamp as it trembles on the verge of its existence, could she but remove the curtain from his heart and see the agonies of uncertainty that were rending its every fibre, how would she shun her unnatural path, how would she cringe for forgiveness to that very being whose life she was embittering.

As I have said, I laughed at the friendly advice of Mr Andrews, thinking him too old to judge of an affection existing between two beings so young as Anna Maria and myself; let the result show his superiority of judgment. My acquaintance with her than which none could have been more premature, for I neither knew her family nor her circumstances, and she was equally ignorant of mine, soon strengthened (as already related) into a pure attachment on my part and on hers a seeming reciprocity. We read, we walked together, in the dance she was my constant partner, and no one doubted but our love would be consummated in a speedy union.

Thus passed our time for about a month. True it is I had made no proposals of any kind to her, yet she knew my heart, she could not have mistaken me; my inclination for writing poetry too was every day increasing, and whenever we met I never failed to present her with some offering, the production of my imagination.

One morning just as we had concluded our exercises I retired to my chamber and was leaning from my window looking in the direction of Anna Maria's residence and longing, for the hour of evening that I might hasten to her presence, when a chaise dashed by the schoolhouse at an impetuous rate, and had scarcely passed its precincts fifty yards before it was upset in the road. I descended with all haste, and was among the first who arrived at the spot. We there found a young man of elegant appearance who had been thrown from the vehicle but was not materially injured, although his bruises were

considerable, he was carried into the house and every attention administered which his situation required. During a short illness consequent upon the fright and contusions which he had suffered, I became his almost constant attendant, and as he recovered our partiality mutually increased. He was travelling for pleasure, and liking his present residence, proposed to remain with us for some time. His name was Hendrick Freeloze. He was scarcely able to leave his apartment before I took Hendrick with me to introduce him to Anna Maria; she appeared highly pleased with him, and I retired much gratified at the attention which she paid my friend. He on his part greatly extolled her beauty, and appeared solicitous to know if we were already affianced.

The next day we went again to see her, together, and henceforward, the first question asked by Hendrick in the morning was for me to go with him in the evening to Maria. It was not long before I repented having taken him there at all, for the stings of jealousy were now let loose upon me, the more effectually as I could not avoid observing that all his attentions were equally met on her part; she gradually grew colder towards me, as he grew more assiduous, and took frequent opportunities to play upon my feelings in his presence.

One evening, overcome by the agony which her treatment had occasioned, I had retired to my room and was sitting with my burning head buried in my hands, the big drop occasionally relieving my oppression. There was no light in the room but that of the moonbeam shedding its soft refulgence around me; thus was I occupied when the door opened gently and a figure, gliding softly in the door, stood before me, it was Hendrick. I brushed the hanging tear drop from the lid and assuming a composed look, welcomed him.

"I am come, Frederic, to make you convinced of my friendship by unbosoming my dearest secret to you. You know I love you."

"Well."

"I am not ignorant that you love Anna Maria, but I can assure you she does not return your affection."

"And is it not enough, Hendrick, that I feel all the misery of her indifference without hearing it from you, and yet how do you know her sentiments?"

"She has told me all."

"All, what, speak, what said she?"

"She can never love you."

"And how should she tell you all this?"

"I love her too, Frederick, and she has plighted herself to me."

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "and is this your friendship, this the consolation you would offer to a broken heart?" I now became overpowered by the intense agony of my heart. I paced the room with rapid strides, while Hendrick sat in mute astonishment at the furious storm which was uncontrolledly raging within me. At length I calmed myself sufficiently to speak, when turning to him I bade him

leave me and never again obtrude on my presence.

"You are mad," he answered, "unheard I will not leave you, you shall not part from me in anger, and unless you consent to relinquish all claim upon her I will not see her again."

This last assurance restored me to reason, and I listened in silence to his disclosures. One evening, carried away by the intensity of his love, he ventured to reveal, it to her and met with the most favourable answer, he did not at the same time neglect to assure her that if I was already in possession of her plight he would retire and drown his sorrow in retirement.

Who could paint the emotions which overwhelmed me at the recital! words are inadequate to their expression. I told him to go, to take her, to leave me to my sorrows while he luxuriated in her smiles. I now realized those gloomy reveries which I had believed to exist only in the imagination of the poet when he describes the awful power of the passions over the soul.

When I had regained sufficient composure I dictated a letter to her, which Hendrick took with him, promising to leave it that very night. I retired to my bed distracted with a thousand hopes and fears that the ardour of Hendricks passions might have led him to misconstrue her meaning. After a restless night, I arose in the morning to receive the confirmation of my fate, from her own hands. She sent me an answer to my note desiring that as her presence appeared to be so essential to my happiness, I would endeavour to forget her and see her no more, for she was determined to marry Hendrick.

I will not repeat all that I suffered at being thus cast loose from all the hopes of bliss I had nourished so long. For the spell was soon broken and, I restored in a measure to tranquility. About a week after the event which I have related, she left Dedwick for the city, where she was accompanied by Hendrick, and her departure was a great relief to my spirits.

She had no sooner gone than I began to revisit all the haunts where she and I used to ramble together and talk of that happiness which was never to be realized, I often wept as I thought on her, and wasted paper enough in verses on the inconsistency of woman.

One morning I was sitting pensively on the stone step of the house in which she had resided, musing on the past, when one of the children ran up to me exclaiming, "Mr. Fredrick, you need not fret so much about Anna Maria, for she was not good enough for you, she used to rub her face with a coarse towel whenever you came to see her, to make her cheeks red, sir."

Heavens, thought I to myself, thus are we imposed upon by the sex, they dazzle us with their false glare, and when we analyse their charms we find them to consist, like Annas colour, in a brown towel.

R.

For the American Athenæum.

HOOKEY WALKER.—NO. III.

College Recollections.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you discovered in your last visit to town, that I was busy with these essays, I shall ever make a virtue of necessity, and send them herewith enclosed.—You were, no doubt, astonished at seeing the turn I had taken, and asked yourself the reason, more than once, of my employing my time so uselessly as to write on walking.—You probably suspect too that I intend publishing, and that I have vanity enough to suppose the public will be gratified with the thoughts that enter my brain in the course of my frequent perambulations thro' the streets of this extensive city, and the avenues of its suburbs.—Think of this, however, as you please—but the true cause is far different, and may be fairly accounted for by your absence. Having no daily companion for my walks, yet unable and unwilling to break through my long formed habits, my fondness for them was put to the test completely, by my being so solitary, no ear to which to pour forth each passing idea, and no reciprocation, in short, of every feeling, a communication of each event. What to do? or rather what was done? I was compelled to think much, and thinking much, and alone, begets a self-suffering in the mind, and lends an importance to such meditation, which it really does not deserve.—Be this as it may, repeated solitary meditation turned my inclination to writing, since I could not utter or express its workings, otherwise. And here you learned the whole secret of the motives which induce me to write, of the probable crudity and unimportance of that which I do write, and the nature of my present habits of moralizing and coquetizing. And so farewell, (as I know you hate publicity.) Yours, HOOKEY WALKER.

"So Colleges and halls neglected much,

"Their good old friend." COWPER.

Sauntering through Park Place the other afternoon, I saw the College Gate open, and entered it to see the effect of the new improvements which my alma mater had undergone. The dark grey mansions of the hoary professors had assumed a brighter hue; and exchanged their antiquated appearance for one more modern and elegant. The little belfry with its royal crown, had given way to a cupola, simple and neat, but appropriately venerable. The whole range of the buildings was more extensive and convenient, and presented a plain, but handsome frontispiece, the superiority of which, to that of the old college, will be allowed by every one, and in every respect except that it has usurped the place of which has been endowed to the youthful and classical recollection of many a worthy and distinguished nursing of the latter. But the umbrageous and lofty sycamores remain yet to adorn and dignify the ample green, and throw a decent shade over the

otherwise too lively aspect of the College. And merely the displacement of the old wooden fence, and the substituting of the new railings, will have no opposition!

And here I received my classical instructions many years ago! here was I led through the course that entitled me to the name of having received a liberal education. But after all, to what did it in reality amount, or to what could it have amounted as far as in the Professor's exertions lay, but to the probable acquirement of a taste for the studies in which I was said to be initiated, but with the enlightened and extensive view of which it will ever remain a matter of doubt, whether the teachers were much better conversant than their pupils, and for the proper exhortation of which, even if they understood them, they possessed neither talents nor inclination. Confined to mere verbal criticism, employed incessantly in the vile discrimination of the peculiar force, and apt signification of particles, and prepositions or, if perhaps a more liberal thought for once brightened the professor's cerebrum, extending his researched into the dictionary! Lempriere for the explanation of some classical term, and beyond this goal never invited to proceed, what progress could we make? Does the knowledge of words, and their compounds, the capacity for scanning, the acquisition of a few synonyms constitute the scholar and the classical scholar? As well may the plodding accountant, who, at the first glance of the eye, can reckon up the figures of an account of a yard in length, be termed a mathematician or natural philosopher. They are only the preparatives, the first objects of school study, but should never intrude upon the more important objects and invaluable time, much less engross them of a Collegiate course. Criticism should accompany the study of language, and criticism in the full and liberal import of the term:—A proper comprehension of the force and beauty as well as the meaning of a term or sentence, and a becoming general acquaintance with the subjects treated of by the authors read, a liberal spirit of ingenuity, and a manly but candid and unprejudiced standard of decision recommended and established.

The sources of modern improvements in literature should be laid open, and a proper spirit of discernment be infused between the relative merits of the ancient and present writers. The faults as well as excellencies, of each should be pointed out, and the theories of the schoolmen and philosophers be fully and impartially considered. Hence a transition to the principles and the philosophy of the mind would at once be appropriately and invitingly made, and the scholar would find that things rather than words are the objects of his study—with the neglect of these objects, and probably the ignorance of them too, our professors should rather have been gifted with the principality of some Academy or Grammar School, than

have sunk under the weight of the ample robes with which they were vested to the ruin of the establishment. In another apartment, mathematics—no such complaint can be raised against instructors—and I verily wish that I had taste enough to remember the 47th of the 1st, that I might with some degree of decorum at least pass my sentence of praise on the learning and distinguished abilities of both the former and present incumbents to the chain of mathematics and natural philosophy.

Let me not forget one gleam of light too, that adorned the classical horizon of Columbia College. The following letter to a friend will accomplish my purpose to my own best satisfaction.

"It was not till my senior year that a dawn of improvement reached my mental vision. The first lecture our class heard from Dr. Mason effected a complete revolution in the sentiments of every member, and opened our views to more liberal and determined objects. The exertion of mind was the first inculcated by that profound and richly gifted teacher, the avoidance of all mechanical drudgery in study; the application of attentive and discriminative judgment, and the exercise of reason on every subject which presented itself to the contemplation, as well as a thorough investigation of its every being and relation, and a complete comprehension of its objects and predicates were repeatedly and forcibly recommended. His style nervous and clear, his thoughts chaste, bold, and original, and his taste purely classical, made no slight impression on our minds. He would not countenance neglect or indulge carelessness—and so judicious and so timely and dignified were his admonitions, that his frown was never murmured against, nor his reproaches heedlessly passed by. In like manner his praises were cherished into respectful fondness, and his look of approbation gladdened every heart. Never did we tire of his discourse, never long with anxiety for the sound of the bell that was to dismiss us from his presence, we felt no restraint but such as our better judgment, approved and laboured under no exhaustion, no monotonous dullness. Often have I regretted the absence of our worthy Provost when some unavoidable occurrence prevented his attending us, and if ever I found fault with him, it was on an occasion when for some public amusement he thought he gratified us by dispensing with an attendance. To speak further of his merits I cannot do justice to them. His enlarged and liberal philosophy, his correct and eloquent interpretation of the classics, his lofty strains of moral sentiment, and nice perception of the ludicrous, his masterly conception of whatever subject presented to his view, and his logical precision in explaining it, are well known, and do not the less distinguish him as a scholar, than his unrivalled eloquence and extensive theological acquirements render him the first Pulpit Orator in the Union."

THE ATHENÆUM.

TACTUS SOLI NATALIS AMORE.

NEW-YORK:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1825.

LITERARY TITLES.—*Rev. Mr. Cox.*—The facility with which titles of literary distinction and pre-eminence are now-a-days conferred, in the great majority of our colleges, can be equalled only by the eagerness with which they are sought, and by the officious zeal with which they are obtruded upon the notice of the public. Ignorance the most glaring, and worthlessness the most notorious are no longer deemed obstacles to the attainment of those honours, which were originally designed as the slow reward of acknowledged learning, efficient talent, and unspotted worth. Instances are not wanting, in which individuals of most limited capacities and acquirements, whose whole lives have been devoted exclusively to professional pursuits, in the acquisition of lucre and the establishment of an ephemeral notoriety, have nevertheless, been admitted to a rank and endowed with titles, which the most indefatigable research, the most untiring industry, and the most extensive attainments could have alone merited. When we see the names of such individuals glittering in the midst of all the glories which alphabetic abbreviations can confer, now an M. D. and F. R. S., then an L. L. D., &c. &c. with what contempt do we come to regard these distinctions, which, when coupled with the name of a Franklin, and a Rittenhouse, we were wont to venerate and admire as the emblems of merit, and the insignia of genius and learning. One well-known instance, too, there is of an eccentric individual, the memorable events of whose singular life are, in his vain annals, published by himself some years since, all marked by their association with some title, the successful reward and invariable product of a correspondence without limit, and a conceit without bounds. When shall we have done with this trifling? We complain daily of the dearth of talent and the slow progress of literature in our city. Can the one be elicited, and the other encouraged, when the stimulus and protection necessary to both, are thus wasted and thrown away upon the most unworthy objects? Are places of honour and trust in our literary institutions worthy of a generous ambition, when they are filled in regular succession by men equally devoid of talents and of worth? Shall an aristocratic monopoly for ever govern the destinies of learning in this devoted city? If so, then let us not complain—let us rest satisfied with the Athenæum that we have in name at least, and let us humbly assent to the creed which would secure a monopoly of talent, learning, merit, and office in the hands of a few select individuals. And beyond these gifted few, let us devoutly believe all is vulgarity, stupidity, envy and ignorance.

"Can such things be,
"And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
"Without our special wonder?"

The more immediate object of this article is to note a singular phenomenon in our literary hemisphere, the refusal, on the part of a man evidently possessed of talent and learning, to accept of the honorary degree of D. D. This is so singular and unprecedented an event, that it deserves especial notice. The Rev. Samuel H. Cox, pas-

tor of the Lighthouse church in this city, having been honoured with the title of Doctor of Divinity, by the trustees of Williams College, Massachusetts, has seen fit to decline the appendage to his name. His reasons for his "*declinature*," are stated at large in the New-York Observer for November 26, 1825. A part of them are religious, and with them we shall not meddle. The others are pretty much to the following effect:

"The perfect worthlessness of the bagatelle, its utter and cumbrous inutility, the injudicious frequency and indiscriminate commonness of its modern conferment. Its frequency has made it 'common,' if not 'unclean.' It has become the caricature of greatness, the senility of Colleges, and the nightmare of the church. In the promiscuous dispersion of these honours, they are no test of competency, talents are scarcely a recommendation, ignorance seldom a protection, juvenility itself no disqualification. What are the motives of Colleges in general, and especially of those most profuse and regular in their coronations; or what the advantageous reaction, in morals or monies, upon these *almissimæ matres*, or the authorised dispensers of their honorary bounty themselves, in their annual issues; or what the principles of impartial administration that regulate their decisions in these matters—though colleges are not all equally censurable or ridiculous—are questions which curiosity may ask, and observation answer. For my own part, I have ever and increasingly viewed the whole system, especially in the pure light of heaven, as the fabric of lopperry, and dotage, and disparagement, that does real harm, but no imaginable good; unless it be good to help pride, envy, and worldly magnificence into the places of consecrated affinity and hallowed relation. It seems 'a spot upon a vestal's robe, the worse for what stains.' It ought to be put down, because it is too wretched to grace elevation, and too light to fall by its own weight. Down it must go, if the church will but look at it, for it cannot bear inspection. Like other 'tares,' it grows while 'men sleep. It is high time—the spirit of the age demands it—that this mania of graduating should itself be graduated, and—that without favour in the enlightened estimation of the public."

The motives of Mr. Cox have been impugned by some—with these we have nothing to do. His style has been condemned—it is somewhat quaint, and perhaps not free from a share of egotism. Of one thing we are sure, that the literary community should rejoice in the manly check thus given to the spirit of indiscriminate graduation and conferring of titles, and be grateful to Mr. Cox for the bold avowal of his contempt for these needless baubles. We shall recur to this subject.

TROY MEDICAL INSTITUTION.—We have just received a circular announcing the establishment in the city of Troy, of a medical school, under the sanction of the university of Vermont. The degree of Doctor of Medicine will be conferred at Troy, and the lectures are to commence the present winter. The Board of Trustees is composed of the following gentlemen:—*Joseph Russel*, Chairman.—*Townsend M'Conn*, *Derick Lane*, *John D. Dickinson*, *Orville L. Holley*, *David Butler*, Jr. &c. &c.—*Samuel Gale*, Treasurer.

The following are the Professors:

Wm. Anderson, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, Physiology and Surgery.

Amatus Robinson, M. D. Professor of Theory and Practice of Physic.

Elisha Sheldon, M. D. Professor of Obstetrics, &c.

Joel B. Nott, A. M. Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

Lewis C. Beck, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Botany.

The course will commence on the third Tuesday in December.

We have only time to say that the diffusion of medical knowledge will be effectually promoted by every additional institution like the present, and to wish it, on this important account, success commensurate with the magnitude of its object.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

Mr. Kean finished his engagement on Thursday, and had his benefit on Friday. It was attended by a full, fashionable, and respectable audience, who were gratified to no ordinary extent by the masterly representation of King Lear. We have already noticed Kean's unrivalled excellence in this part. After the play he was loudly called for, but his exhaustion prevented his appearing until immediately before the farce. He then made a very pertinent and feeling address, expressive of the deepest gratitude for the unbounded liberality and bounty of the New-York audience. A wreck in fortune and in reputation, he has been awakened from a fatal lethargy, by their kindness, and the last pulsation of his heart would beat true to gratefulness. Kindred souls in the parent country would be gladdened by the generous treatment extended to the stranger.

Now that Mr. Kean has finished his engagement so satisfactorily, we cannot help saying a word in relation to what has occurred. We sincerely hope it may prove a lesson to actors, and teach them the invaluable blessings attached to an unspotted reputation. And may we never see such scenes of riot again in our peaceable theatre.

Before closing the account of Kean's performances, we must not omit mentioning the gratification we derived from the accomplished acting of Mrs. Hilson in *Desdemona* and *Cordelia*. This interesting actress, always chaste and effective, was evidently inspired by the genius with which she came in contact. Her *Cordelia* was a finished performance.

"My Uncle Gabriel" is an admirable farce, and gives that excellent actor, Hilson, an ample scope for the full display of his inimitable comic powers. Our risibles were kept in constant requisition. This will be a stock piece of value.

Mr. Lee has acquitted himself very honourably during Mr. Kean's engagement. He is an intelligent and promising actor.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We were happy to see that the Opera continues to be well attended. Though the houses are not as full as on the first evening, the audiences are large enough to justify the belief that the attention of the public is considerably excited by this new mode of theatrical amusement. Should the Opera continue any length of time in its present high favour with the public, it will undoubtedly exert a considerable influence on the musical taste of our city, and even lay the foundation of a new era in the annals of that elegant science in our country.